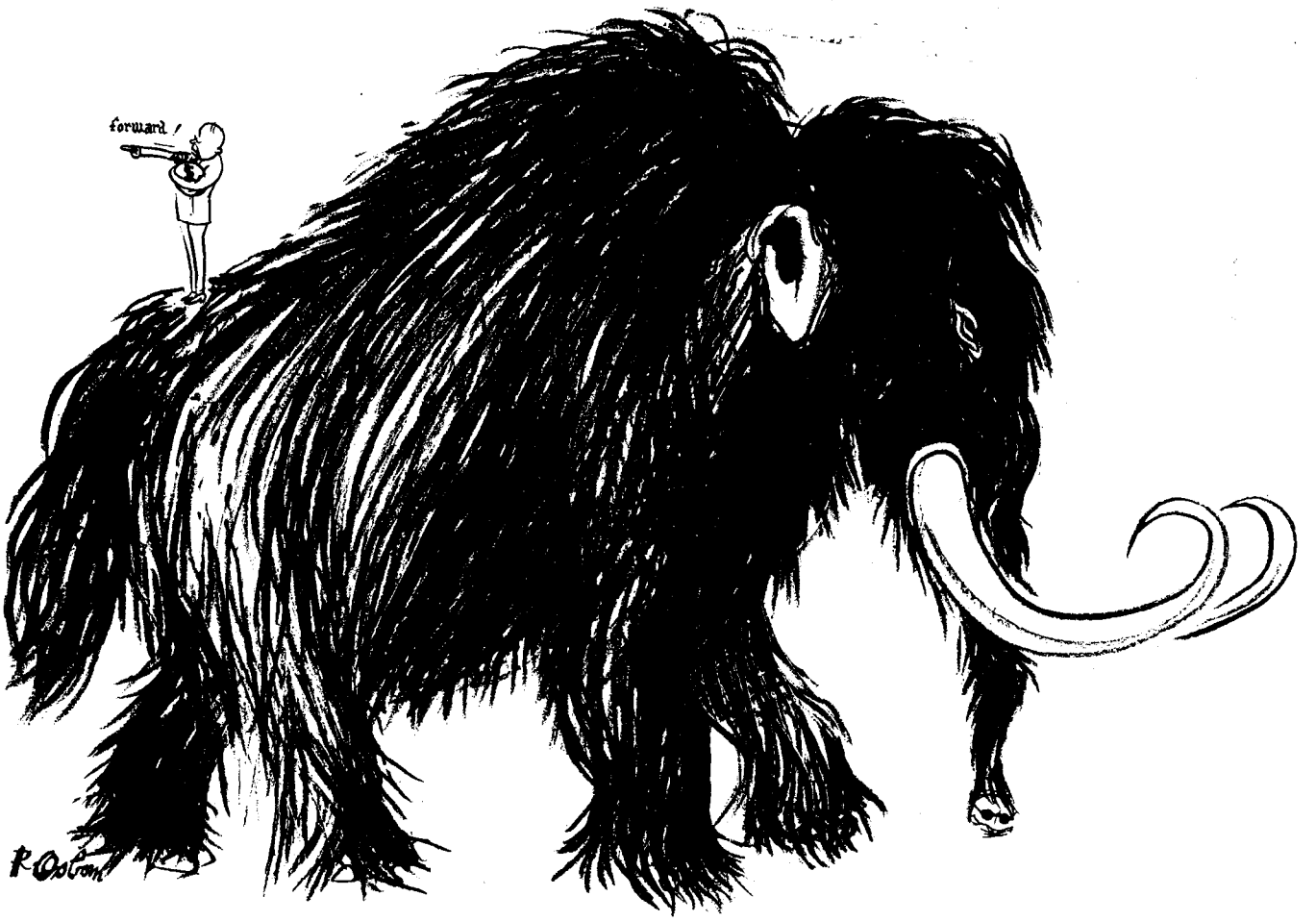
THE New Republic

"New Negroes"

In Alabama

By Helen Fuller

Pages 13-15



Presidential Summons

JANUARY 19, 1959

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Washington Wire

Sahara and the Senate

THE CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER could flow right into the Sahara Desert and disappear. The arid sands would swallow it up without a trace. The big liberal victory last November looked important at the time. It looked like a flowing river. In the history of elections never before did one party win so many seats as the Democrats won. The victory flowed right into the desert of institutionalized political Washington — and disappeared. The thirsty Sahara swallowed it up.

Lyndon Johnson is still running the Senate, offering phony anti-filibuster resolutions. Sam Rayburn is over in the House, blocking any change in the autocratic Rules Committee. The House Un-American Activities Committee is right there, too. Eastland is chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee and Byrd is chairman of the Finance Committee. These men are made stronger than ever by the election; their seniority is greater. Liberals who voted Democratic actually strengthened the grip of the conservative Southern chairmen.

Of course, the Chattahoochee River doesn't pass out of existence completely. Like the newcomers in political Washington, it is diffused. Scientists would say that the African water table had risen somewhat. We mustn't get cynical about Washington: the liberal water table has risen here, too; there will be a few more cases because of the election, and they will be greener; a surprising palm tree may sprout up suddenly where you hadn't expected it. The disappointment lies in the tremendous effort it takes under the American governmental system to get such seemingly petty results.

We were outside when the House Republican caucus that defeated Joe Martin 74-70 broke up. The white movie spot lights were on in the marble corridor and the elderly bachelor came out like somebody who has stepped out of an auto wreck, dazed and crumpled. He had been knifed by regretful friends; they considered him too old, and since they can't afford the luxury of disregarding the election mandate as the victorious Democratic hierarchy has, they dropped him. His political career was over. Charlie Halleck had finally beaten him.

It was grimly fascinating to see how 50 years of political experience led him to make his automatic responses, he was doing it without thinking, making the game jokes that were expected of him—like the man in the wrecked car giving his name automatically to the policemen. In sheer pity the reporters blunted their questions to the tortured old man, but not the photographers. "Hold Mr. Halleck's arm," they said, "come closer—closer. Now smile!" It was one of those obscene sights you can never quite rub out.

The last word on the unhappy fight against the filibuster isn't said as this is written. The hope is that at some point in trying to amend the Johnson resolution the liberal opponents of the filibuster will get a maximum vote somewhat above the 38 they mustered in 1957. If they do, even though they lose the immediate battle they will have gained momentum and warned the segregationists not to go too far against the new civil rights legislation that is surely coming before this Congress. In 1957 liberals had 38 votes, plus three more absentees pledged to their side.

The Last Laugh

THERE was an unforgettable scene here, too. It was when Lyndon Johnson, the amazingly supple majority leader, could not forego the exquisite pleasure of taunting the defeated liberals. At the heart of Johnson's character there is a raw lust for power, though it is concealed pretty well under his genius for manipulating votes. Few men have ever been more adept in this. In this instance he played circles round the liberals. But at one point they laughed at him. He had made a tiny slip. He had overstressed his case. He was arguing that the Senate can operate by majority rule which, theoretically, it can; the only difficulty is that the point never comes when a simple majority rules: opponents of civil rights will filibuster the preliminary motion "to take up." Johnson cried that any Senator can amend the rules, "if he can get a majority . . and can get a vote."

Laughter swept the whole chamber at this last phrase and galled Johnson. He is proud and hot-tempered and not one who brooks laughter at himself. A minute later he was telling the Democratic liberals to "laugh that one off, if you please," and from there on his attitude hardened. "My!" he cried, "where are your parliamentarians?" It is not wise for a majority leader thus to alienate a score or so of his followers. Hubert Humphrey (D, Minn.), who has his own reserve of power (perhaps deeper than Johnson's), rose to urge him "to be a little tolerant in this, his moment of triumph." A little scene, perhaps, as Johnson's inner personality peeped through, but not one that can be easily forgotten.

Notes

AS FOR THE Eisenhower State of the Union speech, the public aches for a blast from a silver trumpet What it gets is the complaining whir of an adding machine.

A reader asked us the other day why we mentioned Canada so often. Because it strikes us as incongruous that a next-door neighbor may indulge in stirring social and political experiments and be almost ignored by a press which would pay some attention to them, perhaps, if they should happen 3,000 miles off in Europe.

On January 1 Canada, for the first time in history, formally adopted a new Federal hospital insurance plan. Instead of crying "socialized medicine" the Canadian Medical Association hailed it. It covers provinces with 70 percent of Canada's population. It means that for $4 a month the head of a family can henceforth insure the family against all hospital expenses, with no limit on length of stay. Have you read anything about this in any United States newspaper? Hardly.

T.R.B.

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GILBERT A. HARRISON, *Editor & Publisher*
HELEN FULLER, *Managing Editor*
SELIG S. HARRISON, *Associate Editor*
ROBERT EVETT, *Book & Music Editor*
F. R. RUSKIN, *Asst. to the Publisher*
Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann, James E. King, Jr., Donald Malcolm, Helen Hill Miller, Michael Straight

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Correspondence

► *Khrushchev to Lippmann*

SIRS:

THE QUOTATION of Khrushchev's warning to Walter Lippmann (*NR*, Dec. 29), that the trouble for the West will come from the continual "multiplication of benefits" received by the people of the Soviet states, raises this point.

(Continued on page 24)

Forward!

LYNDON JOHNSON yawned. One freshman Congressman fell asleep. And when asked for his opinion of the President's State of the Union message, Sen. Eugene McCarthy replied: "How can you comment on a speech that has no substance, no style and no inspiration?" But never mind. Within 48 hours after Mr. Eisenhower's appearance before Congress we were being reassured. James Reston of *The New York Times* suggested that "it is quite possible that the President's message has been underestimated. . . .

> He has been fighting sharp, limited political battles, but his intimates report that this is now changing; that he now recognizes that only by the aggressive use of Presidential power can he keep from being overwhelmed by a Democratic-controlled Congress; and that he is now talking not only of exercising more leadership at home but of going to Europe in the spring and perhaps even India later in the year.

Well, *bon voyage*. But what does the President tell us about the State of the Union? The usual homilies about the virtues of thrift and the dangers of inflation are there. Indeed, the message reads as if Mr. Eisenhower had written it. "Because we are human we err," but "unless we progress, we regress." Farmers are in trouble because they need "greater freedom . . . to manage their own farms." We are summoned to "resist Communism," "build a world where all men can live in dignity," "march in the noblest of causes—human freedom," "meet the world challenge," "make ourselves worthy of America's ideals," and "remain true to our heritage of freedom."

And all this must be done without too much spending, for above all we must "protect the buying power of the dollar."

To would-be spenders, the President points out that "a year ago, the nation was experiencing a decline in employment and output. Today that recession is fading into history, and this without gigantic, hastily improvised public works projects or untimely tax reductions." If we may turn this sentiment around another way, it says that the Administration is satisfied with "recovery" which promises unemployment this winter of more than five million (according to Secretary Mitchell's latest estimate), and a continued sluggishness in capital expenditures. The President's Budget Message later this month will contain a detailed justification of both federal expenditure and receipt estimates, but in advance of that one may say that the receipts are founded upon anticipations of a boom which other Eisenhower policies show no signs of promoting, and the expenditures are based on ignoring the social claims on our national resources—schools, conservation, urban development and aid to depressed areas.

Absent from the Presidential review is any reference to Mr. Eisenhower's former interest in the peaceful uses of atomic energy. The rapid increase in Sino-Soviet economic capacity is not mentioned. There is no hint of the need for international collaboration in the exploration of outer space,

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no recognition that the state of the union can only be appraised if one takes stock of the state of the world.

And that world is one in which, to quote the population expert, Kingsley Davis, "the gap in wealth and power as between the rich and poor nations is becoming wider . . . and such progress as the under-developed countries are making is not lessening the gap between them and the richer ones." It is a world in which one billion people (this does not include the 625 million in Communist China) subsist on a per capita income of $60 a year—one-tenth of the average in the West. And it is a world in which the arrogant assumptions of white supremacy are being overthrown.

Listen, Children

IF YOUR classroom is overcrowded, if the teaching isn't top quality, if you're worried about getting into college—or paying the bill if you're accepted, and if you wonder why the President has retreated from his position of two years ago when he said "high priority should be given the school construction bill," take heart. For the President has promised to appoint a new committee to up-date the report of the 1931 Hoover Committee on Recent Social Trends. It will be composed of "educators and representatives of labor, management, finance, the professions and every other kind of useful activities," and it will establish national goals and tell us whether local, state or federal government should be "particularly concerned" in meeting those goals.

Before you get your hopes up too high, however, remember that this has happened before. National goals in education were established by the White House Conference on Education late in 1955 and by the 1956 Reports of its Presidential Committee. Similar goals have been recommended in reports by groups of citizens engaged in "useful activities," such as those associated with Nelson Rockefeller and James B. Conant. At present, a 1960 White House Conference on Children and Youth, with a Presidential Committee of 92 which conferred with him as recently as December 16, 1958, is working on statements of national goals in health, education and welfare.

We suggest also that if you read the President's State of the Union message carefully, you will see that he implies federal control of education without federal support, rather than federal support of education without federal control.

COMING

Economic Growth and the Control of Inflation

by LEON KEYSERLING

The Gold Standard

FIVE YEARS ago, the Administration decided to exploit a transient advantage in nuclear weapons and strategic air power for the sake of the popularity it could win by promising "no more Koreas" and "more bang for a buck." That decision fathered the doctrine of "massive retaliation" and the effort to enforce peace by threatening transgressors with nuclear "punishment." It also resulted in an unwillingness to recognize the temporary character of the military advantage the US enjoyed and a reluctance to prepare our defenses against the day when the advantage would be no longer ours.

Now that the advantage is no longer ours, the President still cannot recognize publicly that the problem exists. His remarks on defense expenditures emphasize how much prices of planes and submarines have gone up, but not how inadequate our "ground and other tactical formations" are to "move with swiftness and precision . . . to curb threatened aggression." It is perhaps a token of the President's values that he talks of "certain bombers that cost their weight in gold." The usual figure of speech considers objects *worth* their weight in gold.

On With Benson

THE AGRICULTURAL surplus problem, the President warns, "calls for prompt and forthright action." He adds that recent legislative changes "were appropriate in direction but did not go far enough." But since the Benson flexible support program has actually increased farm surpluses, it is not easy to see why it was "appropriate in direction."

Price support expenditures this fiscal year will exceed $5 billion, and, we are told, this is about two-fifths of the net income of all farm operators. This could imply that farmers are getting two-fifths of their income from the government. But expenditures for storage, interest and handling of the government's agricultural inventory will soon reach $1 billion a year, and most of this goes not to farmers but to private warehousemen and handlers of commodities.

The main reason for the rise in farm program cost in the past three years has been a larger volume of crops to be covered. Price support levels have been sharply cut since 1954, but it takes more money for the government to make good on the lower minimum guarantees because of the larger supply. And supplies have increased because of favorable weather and the continued advance in farm technology—prodded by the government's own research, education, soil conservation and reclamation programs. They also have increased partly because Secretary Benson has refused to apply all the restrictions he could use under the law.

A cotton farmer or wheat farmer has been free to

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plant all the corn he wanted to. And in the Corn Belt, a farmer could comply on corn but grow all the grain sorghums and soybeans he wished.

The whole apparatus of acreage control and price support which this Administration inherited from the Democrats certainly has not been a resounding success. But before it is scrapped it is fair to note that net farm income declined from about $15 billion in 1951 to less than $11 billion in 1957, and was up to $13 billion in 1958. A resumption of the decline is predicted by the Department of Agriculture for this year. Moreover, although the city consumer pays more for "food"—including more elaborate packaging, processing and precooking—the prices of raw farm products have dropped substantially since 1952. In that year, farm prices averaged 100 percent of parity; today they are down to 80 percent of parity.

"We'll Help"

IN HIS BRIEF references to foreign aid the President said he will ask Congress to increase United States contributions to the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank (the US commitment to make these contributions was already given informally at the recent Bank meetings in New Delhi), and he will present "a program designed to encourage greater participation by private enterprise in economic development abroad." Greater support for the international agencies and inducements to investment-shy private industry should be part of a balanced aid program. But both depend on adequate government-to-government aid.

World Bank loans, made on a conventional "bankable" basis, normally involve repayments beginning after five years and then spaced within the 10 following years. For this reason, as a former aid official, Matthew J. Kust, pointed out in these pages, the Bank's loans bear little relation to the repayment capacity of the developing countries. To illustrate, India is a major recipient of the Bank's loans. The $500 million she has borrowed during the past 10 years will be largely repayable during the Third Five Year Plan period (1961-66). Yet the economic progress which will determine India's continuing capacity to repay any further loans depends, in turn, on whether massive low-interest development capital—on a long-term repayment basis—is extended by the US and other Western governments.

Private investment in the developing countries is equally dependent on the flow of substantial US Government aid. Regardless of concessions offered by Washington (and advance indications are that substantial tax incentives are not forthcoming), no canny businessman will invest in Asian or African economic and political uncertainties without evidence that the US is officially committed to the growth of the countries concerned. Furthermore, important as the technical services of US firms can be in underdeveloped regions, neither US private technology nor US investment capital can provide basic development funds on the needed scale.

Where are these large-scale funds to come from? With the exception of the special case of the Indian subcontinent, which merits in our view the same separate Congressional consideration given to the European continent (not half as populous), the proper US channel for providing these funds is the Development Loan Fund. The Fund is a relatively young agency and could more easily convert to long-term loans than could the World Bank. The President, however, did not even refer to the Fund in his message.

Advance leaks on his budget indicate that he will ask only $700 million for the Fund—on a one-year basis—as against the $1 billion *annual* lending capacity advocated by Under-Secretary of State Douglas Dillon. And to ask for $700 million is to expect that much less will be voted. By talking "almost exclusively . . . about a balanced budget," writes columnist Roscoe Drummond, "the President will make it harder to get from Congress some of the urgent appropriations he is seeking. When foreign aid comes up, the President has almost invited its opponents to cut it and say virtuously: 'Here's where we'll help the White House balance the budget!' "

More Committees

WE ARE NOT unsympathetic with the President's habit of bucking problems to committees, but we will say this: he ought to appoint a few more. Why not ask some "eminent Americans" to inquire into what can be done about the 14 percent of the consumer units in our country who have annual incomes of under $2,000? Another committee might study why major crimes have increased from 1,822,160 in 1951 to 2,796,400 in 1957. A third committee could ponder the significance of a rise in reported police arrests of children under 18 from 37,259 in 1951 to 253,817 in 1957. A study is surely needed that explains why business failures last year were the highest since 1939—about 14,000 as compared with 8,058 in 1951. And an investigation would be useful which publicized the fact that unless some 14 to 20 medical schools are established soon, the current ratio of doctors—130 to each 100,000 people (considerably lower than the ratio in the Soviet Union)—will decline rapidly; and that even if the US had the doctors and facilities it needs, the cost of adequate medical care would be way beyond the financial capacity of millions of Americans, particularly the aged.

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Missiles—We Can't Buy Time That Has Been Lost

MONEY will be freely offered by the new Congress, and immediate progress demanded to overcome the United States lag in the missile and space race. It will not do much good. The time that has been lost cannot be bought back. The current United States missile and space programs are crash programs, undertaken primarily in response to Soviet achievements.

They are not based on a sound foundation of orderly development of rocket engines of varied and adequate power that singly, or in stages, can send significant loads into space or intercontinental distances.

The Air Force intercontinental ballistic missile program was started seriously only in 1954 following the discovery of how to package great nuclear explosive power into a relatively small package. The Air Force, at that time, did not worry about a family of missiles for the various ranges between the Army Redstone's 200 miles and its projected 6,000-mile missile. Rather naïvely it maintained that when it had solved the intercontinental problem, the shorter range missiles would be simple fallouts from the most difficult problem. This is very much like building an intercontinental eight-jet bomber and saying that a small sports piston plane would be a natural fallout from the bomber.

A year later, in 1955, as a result of the Killian Report, a crash program was started on intermediate range (1,500 nautical miles) ballistic missiles. The Killian Report pointed out that an intermediate range missile on the periphery of the Soviet Union would be three times as accurate as an intercontinental missile, while costing one-half to one-fourth as much. On a bang basis the IRBM was a six- or twelve-to-one bargain.

But for these programs the United States had only one rocket engine that approached the power necessary. This is the North American Aviation Company's rocket booster with 135,000 pounds of thrust. It had been developed as a booster (two were needed) to put the defunct Navaho pilotless bomber into the air and to give it sufficient speed for its ramjet sustainer engine to function.

To give the intercontinental Atlas the necessary power, two of these engines were clustered with a sustainer engine of 90,000 pounds of thrust in the Atlas missile. Even so the power of the Atlas is about half that of the Soviet T-3a three-stage intercontinental missile and can propel a warhead of only about one-third the explosive force of the Soviet missile. Atlas, generally admitted to be a Model T in the missile business, will have an initial operational capability within a year, it is hoped. This only means that it will be ready to turn over to airmen for training, not that it will be in emplacements and ready to use.

The Army Jupiter and the Air Force Thor intermediate range ballistic missiles use one of the same rocket engines. This allows them to carry a nuclear warhead with an explosive force of about one-fifth that of the Soviet T-2 IRBM. The two missiles are similar, and as Thor is reworked it is becoming almost identical with the Army Jupiter. The half billion, or more, dollars spent in the development of the Thor represents a tribute to the aircraft industry, which could not endure having the Army's contractor, Chrysler, edge into the missile business, and a concession to the Air Force's fear that if the Army developed Jupiter, the Army rather than the Air Force would use it. There was never any question of the ability of the Army's Redstone Arsenal team, under Dr. Wernher von Braun, to develop an intermediate range missile. Indeed, about 70 percent of its components came directly from the successful Redstone missile. There was, however, very great doubt about the ability of Douglas Aircraft to develop Thor, since it was a venture into a wholly new field.

The United States still has no other rocket engines for a missile or space program. And it has no program of development. Dr. T. Keith Glennan, Administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Agency, told the Wright Day Dinner, December 17: "There is need to lay out a long-range program for the acquisition of basic scientific information and the development of the technology necessary to this mission." He also declared that he had taken "the initial steps looking to the development of a family of [rocket] boosters that should satisfy the nation's requirements for the next five years."

This is the essential procedure for a successful program. The inevitable demands from Congress to show results or to exceed the Soviet feats will surely result in more failures than successes and such successes as are obtained will be with insignificant payloads compared to those the Soviet is able to launch.

THE RUSSIANS already have their family of rocket boosters and they have used them in combination very skillfully for different ranges and payloads. The Soviet T-1, with 78,000 pounds of thrust, has a range of 400 miles. To reach 1,800 miles, the T-1 is put on top of a rocket engine with 264,000 pounds of thrust, becoming the T-2. To reach 5,000 miles the T-2 is staged on top of a booster of about 500,000 pounds of thrust, becoming the T-3a. A still larger rocket with a thrust estimated by our experts as about 800,000 pounds is available to increase the range of the T-3a to 8,500 miles, or to put a very heavy payload into space.

The Russians also have liquid-propellant rockets of other different amounts of thrust and a family of solid-propellant rocket boosters.

It will be some years before the United States can catch up in rocket hardware. And until we have the family of rocket boosters, no amount of money will enable us to match Soviet performance. The time that has been lost, for lack of vision, cannot be bought back.

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS,
Brig. Gen. USA (Ret'd)

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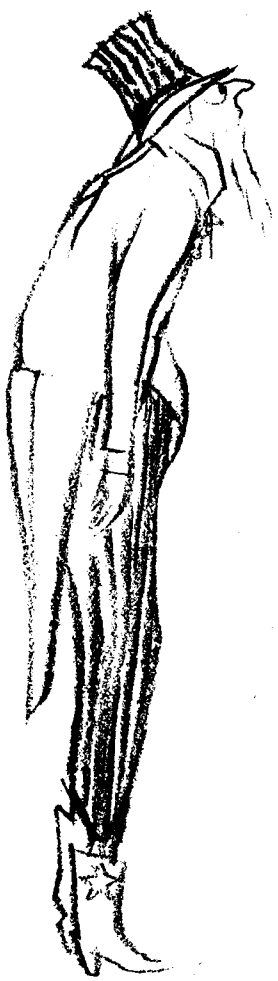
"Our military and related scientific progress has been highly gratifying."

—STATE OF THE UNION MESSAGE
JANUARY 9, 1959



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Aid that Hurts

THE UNITED STATES appears to have bought itself $329 million worth of resentment in Argentina. The sum, the largest aid package ever granted a Latin American nation, consists of loans from the International Monetary Fund, the US Treasury, the Export-Import Bank and a number of private banks, all designed to keep the Argentine economy out of bankruptcy.

The danger is all too real. For many years, Argentina has been living beyond her means—that is, importing more than she has been exporting. Much of her wealth was looted by the Peron regime. Her holdings of foreign exchange are down to $100 million, and she would long since have defaulted on her debts if her European creditors in the so-called Paris Club had not extended the due dates.

At home, the Argentine Government has been running a huge deficit, and has been printing money to meet it. In recent years, the peso has fallen steadily in the black market, prices have pushed up, and the people have gotten by chiefly as a result of subsidies that have kept down the prices of basic foods and services. The economy was headed for a crash.

How does it happen, then, that the rescuer draws hostility for his pains? It is because the $329 million of aid takes the form of orthodox bank credits, and the orthodox bankers have sternly required that the debtor mend his spendthrift ways. The borrower must tighten his belt, they say, to insure repayment.

In accord with the aid agreement, the Frondizi Government devalued the peso—in effect cutting the price of Argentine exports and raising the price of imports—and ordered drastic cuts in government spending and sweeping increases in rates charged for public services. As a result, while Argentine beef became cheaper for export—it doubled in price in the domestic market in two weeks—phones, commutation and cab rates also were doubled, and gasoline, fuel oil and power charges were tripled. Bus fares and freight rates went up 50 percent. The newspapers reporting the bad news themselves doubled their prices and plan to double them again.

All this was strictly according to the book, orthodox economic theory being that a prime way to fight inflation is to raise prices, thus cutting consumption. It was, however, understandably unpalatable to the Argentines. Cries of a "sell-out to US imperialism" have come from right and left, and *The New York Times* reported from Buenos Aires that "the government is so sensitive to this type of political attack that it has kept out of the newspapers the fact that a representative of the International Monetary Fund is permanently assigned here to cooperate in the application of the stabilization plan." The move appears to have been welcomed only by conservative financial quarters and by speculators who made a killing on grain futures, while farmers who sold their products last fall now curse their lack of foresight.

Thus, our greatest aid effort in Latin America has aroused ill feeling against the US, caused a serious split within the young and still shaky democratic regime in Argentina, and strengthened the still powerful influence of Peronists and Communists among the workers.

Conservatives argue that the alternative to austerity is economic disaster. Yet there may be some other way to combat inflation than by lowering the public standard of living and enriching speculators and owners of stocks and other property. When *our* nation faced disaster in 1942, we held off inflation rather effectively by holding prices *down*, rather than by raising them—a course of action we have since abandoned to our cost.

Travel for Teachers

DR. MILTON EISENHOWER'S report to the President on Latin American relations includes, without explicitly relating them, two recommendations that might support each other in an important way. The first is that we keep open the lines of communication even with Latin American regimes that we cannot approve. The second recommends an increase in "soft" loans, that is, loans payable in currencies of the borrowing countries rather than in dollars.

The making of soft loans would certainly result, at least in the early years, in an accumulation of considerable sums in local currencies not to be converted into dollars so long as conversion would seriously damage the position of the borrowers. These funds might conceivably be used to implement Dr. Eisenhower's first recommendation. Similar funds in Europe have been used in a highly informal fashion to pay part of the expenses of junketing Congressmen.

But Congressmen are not nearly as broad and deep a channel of communication as are other classes, for instance, teachers. Outright gifts are not here suggested, but if the government adopted the policy of allowing properly accredited teachers to purchase with their own dollars Latin American currencies at a bargain basement rate, millions of American school children would soon be learning more about Central and South America than they can ever get from their textbooks.

Danger in Morocco

THE FIVE "American" air and naval bases, which through treaties signed with France in 1950-51 (Bidault-McCaffrey and Schuman-Bruce agreements) are technically French bases, are becoming untenable. King Mohammed V last November 18 called for their total evacuation. Premier Abdallah Ibrahim's neutralist-inclined government which took office December 24, has

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made it clear that it will emphatically follow up the King's demand, in line with the declared Moroccan intention to avoid entangling alliances with the power blocs.

France and Morocco specifically excepted the base accords when they agreed, in signing their independence treaty of March, 1956, to continue "existing military arrangements" until new military conventions were signed. Negotiations for a new, separate base agreement between the US and Morocco began tardily in May, 1957. But they soon broke down and have since remained quiescent.

What the Moroccans want is simply that the US concede the "principle" of eventual evacuation and agree to separate the American position from that of the French. This face-saving formula could be followed, the Moroccan argument runs, by setting a time limit for complete withdrawal. Of "immediate" evacuation, demanded by the Moroccan Left, there seems to be no question: responsible Moroccan leaders say privately they have no desire to see either the 8,000 local base employees further swelling the ranks of the unemployed or stoppage of the flow of dollars purchasing local goods and services for the bases.

SAC and the Navy feel that if they can hold the bases five more years, the missile age will probably render them obsolete. And, in any case, US bases in Spain will presumably remain, barring a revolution which unseats Franco. But rising anti-Americanism in Morocco, discreetly egged on by new and active Soviet and Chinese missions, can be expected to reach full flood by next spring unless the State Department unbends a bit. There is no reason to believe that the de Gaulle Government, nationalistic at home but realistic in its relations with Morocco and Tunisia, would oppose separation of the US and French positions in Morocco.

A US-Moroccan deal on "eventual" evacuation could be coupled with an offer to allow the fledgling Moroccan air force (which exists so far only on paper) to train personnel on the bases if it wished, during and after the transition period. The Moroccans would welcome this, and it would be no more than the logistical support which has already been given the Moroccan armed forces by the French.

Simultaneously our government could increase economic aid to a Morocco sorely tried by unemployment and the recent devaluation of the franc—to at least a slightly larger fraction of the hundreds of millions given annually to "friends" like Franco. Thus far, aid to Morocco has amounted to about $30 million a year for two years, all in short-term loans.

Prime Minister Ibrahim needs encouragement in his struggle with extremists at home and Nasserites abroad. As the Westernmost Arab country in geography as well as sentiment, Morocco is one of America's best Arab friends. It is up to our policymakers to keep that friendship, in the interest of both countries.

Britain's Second Thoughts on Deterrence

London

HOW SIMPLE it seemed two years ago! When Mr. Macmillan formed his government, he appointed Duncan Sandys his Minister of Defense. His directive to the new Minister was simple and explicit: bring down the cost of defense or perish.

In some ways, though by no means in all, Mr. Sandys was an admirable choice. About as receptive to criticism as a brick wall is to a tennis ball, obstinate but infinitely courageous, sitting up to all hours of the morning and driving his civil servants with the same ruthless energy, it is hardly surprising if his staff soon came to regard him with mingled exasperation and dislike. Mr. Sandys had not been in his new department for many weeks before there were loud cries that he was behaving like a dictator. Sometimes he did not read the memoranda submitted to him and sometimes he ignored those who considered themselves the highest in the land. All the same he could put forward a convincing answer. The truth is that, until the Sandys regime, the Chiefs of Staff hardly had to think of money. During the war they had only to ask and they would receive. And since the war they had gone to seed under a series of Ministers who had neither a policy nor a will.

Faced by the new crisis of economy, the Chiefs of Staff dithered and dallied. In the end the heads of the three services laboriously reached a compromise that made no kind of sense. The disgusted Mr. Sandys inevitably turned to his scientists, the grey little men who are almost a secret society in Britain's Ministry of Defense as they are, no doubt, in America's and Russia's. They had a very painless answer. Mr. Sandys had only to invest in the deterrent and everything he desired would be added unto him. He could, for instance, do away with conscription, and the abolition of conscription was thought to be highly desirable politically. The Labour Party was obsessed by the same idea and it thus came about that there was no effective criticism when the new policy was announced.

A great deal has happened since those carefree days two years ago. In the first place the British Government has become uneasily aware that the deterrent is not the magic gimmick it once believed; far from reducing the cost of defense, the bill seemed likely to rise to astronomical figures. If the British, for instance, decided to go in for the land-based missile known as Blue Streak, they would almost certainly have to budget for an expenditure of at least £500 million. They would have to spend about the same amount if they wanted Polaris, the missile discharged from a submarine. What is more these £1,000 million would only be the beginning. If the British were going to try and compete over the whole nuclear field, the cost of defense could not possibly be kept to the present level.

While Ministers were brooding over this unexpected development, a new factor cropped up that further increased the complexity of the problem. When Mr. Macmillan was in Washington, he and the President came to an agreement that the two countries should exchange information on de-

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fense matters, as they used to do during and immediately after the war. The importance of these talks does not seem to have been realized at the time, and indeed the pessimists on the British side clearly expected very little from them. Although they did not doubt the President's good will, they felt that his officials, especially those in the lower regions of the Administration, might well sabotage the agreement. In fact the Americans have been both scrupulous and generous. One expert was saying the other day that the information so far given is worth from £200 million to £300 million.

Because of this, the British now feel that they can take a cool and calculating look at the problem. Instead of spending their money here, there and everywhere, they can examine the results of America's research and then gamble on the project that looks most promising. If they make the right choice—and, of course, that is a large assumption—they might in the end be in a much stronger position than seemed likely before the Eisenhower-Macmillan agreement.

So far the story does not take into account an argument that has been going on under the surface for a considerable time. Some British strategists have never accepted the Sandys doctrine that Britain should give the deterrent top priority and then spend what money is left over on conventional forces. In their view the 1947 policy should be turned upside down. Conventional forces should come first and the deterrent second. Otherwise the British will get the worst of both worlds. They will neither have conventional forces adequate to fight minor wars nor a deterrent sufficiently deadly to influence American and Russian policy.

Some of those who belong to this school go further and argue that the deterrent theory is one of those glittering illusions that so often befuddle men's minds. In what circumstances, they ask, would Britain use the deterrent? If East and West were determined to wage all-out war upon one another, Britain's contribution would be irrelevant: it would neither frighten the Russians nor restrain the Americans. Then too, can it be seriously argued that the British, in a situation where the US felt that her interests were not threatened and had given warning that she must remain neutral, would take on the Kremlin unaided? To do so would be national suicide. If this reasoning is correct, what return can the British expect from the vast sums they are spending—vast in relation to their limited resources—on the deterrent?

It cannot be said that the politicians in Whitehall are now thinking in these terms, even though they may be aware that the question is not so simple as it once looked. And yet the problem is becoming increasingly urgent. It is estimated in some British circles that, at the outside, the Russians will have parity in nuclear weapons with the Americans by 1965: 1961 is probably a more exact date. When that happens an entirely new situation will have been created. It does not, of course, follow that the Russians will be prepared to launch the great nuclear attack: after all, the US will still be able to hit back with devastating power. It does seem to mean that conventional forces will have a much greater importance than they have at the moment.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

A Nuclear Disarmed Zone?

by **PERRY LAUKHUFF**

THE POLISH Foreign Minister, Adam Rapacki, has come into the news with a restatement of the plan named for him, which calls for a zone of nuclear disarmament in Western and Central Europe. As yet his revised plan has been put forward only in a press statement, after rather quiet explorations with the Norwegian Government in the course of a visit to Oslo. He broached his original proposal in October, 1957, at the United Nations. Seven months later Washington said "no thanks." Is it to be a flat "no" again?

PERRY LAUKHUFF'S *sixteen years in the Foreign Service included posts as Chief of the Political Section for Political Adviser Robert Murphy in the US Military Government in Germany, 1945-49, and Director of the Office of German Political Affairs in the State Department from 1949 until he left the government in 1953. He has served as a research consultant and study director for the Council on Foreign Relations.*

This question assumes urgent character in the light of Mr. Mikoyan's reported interest in new negotiations on the German question and, more specifically, the question of the nuclear armament of West Germany. As for Berlin, if we are to put an end to our unhappy and dangerous position there, it can only be as Berlin's special status and special danger disappear in the creation of some form of a united Germany.

It is true that Rapacki made his latest moves just before Khrushchev threw his Berlin bomb. It is impossible to know as yet whether the bomb obliterated the Rapacki initiative. And one is entitled also to wonder who is the real voice of Poland today—Rapacki with his reasoned and moderate diplomacy, or Gomulka with his kind words for Moscow and harsh words for the West. It might pay us to find out.

Various factors in the history of the development of the Rapacki Plan are remarkable. First, we are presented with an initiative for negotiation which has come most

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unusually from a member of the Soviet bloc other than the Soviet Union. All the evidence seems to indicate that this was a real Polish lead, not taken at Soviet instigation.

Secondly, the plan was put forward and is now represented almost entirely without the customary polemics and diatribes which mark nearly all Communist proposals. It is advanced with persistence but with quite abnormal modesty, neither claiming all good for itself nor charging all evil to its opponents.

In the third place, the Polish Government has presented a new offer, modifying the original one in such a way as to try to meet one of the chief objections put forward in the West. How many times has this happened in the last 13 years, that without endless recriminations and epithets a Communist regime has made a definite concession to the Western viewpoint without demanding any counter-concession whatever? The point is not whether the concession makes the proposal acceptable or not; the point is the fact of the concession and the attitude and opportunity it reveals.

It will be recalled that the original plan put forward by Adam Rapacki in Poland's name called for a denuclearized zone in Europe in which the production and existence of nuclear weapons would be forbidden in a zone to include West Germany, East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia. The US rejected this on several grounds, but one of our main contentions was, quite rightly, that such an arrangement would deprive the NATO alliance of its chief defensive shield and would leave the alliance vastly inferior to conventional Russian forces and weapons in the area.

Now Rapacki returns to the attack and says, very well, we understand this concern though we think it is an exaggerated fear. However, we are so eager to discuss our suggestion with you that we're willing to provide that *before* the prohibition of nuclear weapons in the area would go into effect there would have to be agreement on a simultaneous reduction of conventional forces and armaments in the area.

We rejected the original proposal by our note of May 4, 1958. The terms of the note and a good deal of previous discussion in the public prints made it clear that the consensus in the United States was that the Rapacki Plan (1) would put us in a dangerously inferior position as regards conventional armies in the area, (2) would be only a first step to pushing us out of Germany altogether and eventually out of Europe, (3) provided no adequate or workable controls, (4) was too limited in the light of our own plans for universal cessation of the testing, stockpiling and production of nuclear weapons, and (5) was tied to the continued division of Germany. There was a feeling, not explicitly expressed in the note, that "a little disengagement is a dangerous thing."

At the same time, there was a quite general consensus that the Polish proposal was motivated, at least in part, by Polish fear of facing future German armies and in hope of bringing about the removal of some of the weight of present Russian armies. The Poles were not reluctant to confirm the first motive, while naturally remaining silent on the second.

Now, I do not propose to debate our government's reasons for rejection: the plan as first put forward could not possibly be accepted. Some of the reasons we gave did seem to me quite dubious; we said, for example, that the plan was too limited in scope, yet the US has not been averse in the recent past to making similarly limited proposals, respecting the Arctic and other areas, as Polish publicists were quick to point out. Disengagement is not the key word either. A spate of articles appeared through last spring, dissecting the word "disengagement" with loving academic care. I take the position that disengagement *per se* is neither good nor bad. It can only be judged in its relation to specific proposals.

But the reasons for Washington's negative response to Poland last May are relatively unimportant. It is the fact of a rejection which is important, and wrong; it was a rejection meant to be final and to preclude further discussion. This is the very negation of diplomacy in a time when diplomacy of the most skillful and resilient kind is needed. One does not reject negotiations merely because the opponent's first, or even second, proposal is not acceptable as it stands. Particularly is this true when we are as endangered by the *status quo* or its uncontrolled development as is the other fellow.

If, as seems likely, the revised Rapacki Plan is put to us formally, by note, it is inconceivable that we should stubbornly blunder into a second out-of-hand rejection of talks. There are many and persuasive reasons to discuss the matter.

First and foremost is the chance to cultivate whatever closer relationship can be achieved with Poland. This is extremely delicate. Ever since the exciting days of 1956, whose promise, incidentally, seems to become less with each passing month, there have been quiet intimations (one is almost tempted to say, desperate intimations) that Poland wishes to construct new relationships with the West, however cautiously, relationships that have the stamp of Poland's individuality on them. The Rapacki Plan is one of those feelers.

For years the West has sought a chink, a merest chink, in the massive structure of the Soviet Empire. Hungary revealed a crack of such awesome proportions that we didn't know what to do with it. Poland does represent a chink, in my view. And for this, if for no other reason, a Polish offer to negotiate about German and Central Europe must be taken seriously.

There is another consideration, hardly less important. Our long and thus far futile effort to find some solution to the problem of reuniting the two parts of Germany

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has ground to a halt. We can no longer even get the Russians to talk of unifying Germany; they profess a vast disinterest. Now the Poles have come along and given us a heaven-sent opportunity, one would say, to bring German reunification back into the discussion by a side door.

Our May note complained that the Rapacki Plan was based on the premise of the continued division of Germany. This may be reason enough to reject the original plan and its recent modified version as well, but what better launching pad can be imagined for a counter-proposal—some limited zone of denuclearization or demilitarization *based on a prior reunification of Germany.* The Poles and their fellow-Communists want something: denuclearization and division of Germany. The US and its Allies want something: German reunification and Soviet withdrawal. These are opposing objectives, and yet they are not wholly without points of contact. Bargains have been struck from opening positions even more mutually hostile.

A statement made by the Polish Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs to a committee of the Polish parliament last March 7 emphasized candidly that "Poland does not conceal the fact that the prime motive of its initiative was the national interest of Poland"—a refreshing change from the standard Communist cant about concern for the "peace-loving masses." We in the United States also have national interests to be served. The freedom of Berlin is one, the withdrawal of the Red Army from Europe is another, the uniting of the two Germanys another, the economic and social cooperation of *all* European states another, the lessening of any chance of an accidental East-West military clash another.

WE SEEM utterly mesmerized by the fact that Poland proposes for its denuclearized area *all* of Germany. But it does not follow that every proposal on this subject is bound to cover the area first suggested by Poland. I come back to an earlier suggestion which I threw out publicly last February: total denuclearization and demilitarization of a more limited area including chiefly East Germany, Western Poland and Western Czechoslovakia, and then only *after* German reunification. Is this so unthinkable? Even if all controls and inspection agreed upon for the area were to break down would it matter very much if Germany had meanwhile been reunified, Russian military power had been withdrawn from the areas mentioned, and the US was still in most or all of Western Germany? Motivated by self-interest? Certainly. But is such a scheme any less a pipe dream or more self-interested than the Rapacki Plan? The interplay of opposed interests is the stuff of negotiation and ultimate settlement. At the very least we could demonstrate that US policy was alive and searching for new routes to old destinations.

As for the great aversion to any kind of denuclearized or demilitarized zone which is displayed by our military and even some political thinkers, the burden of proof seems to me to be on them. History shows wars occurring quite irrespective of the existence or non-existence of buffer zones. Only occasionally has a military figure been able to put the question in proper perspective, as did Field Marshal Sir John Harding when he said that a pull-back might be justified "if the governments of the NATO countries became convinced that the political gains would be great enough," gains including "definite progress toward the unity of Germany and a real weakening of Soviet control of East Germany." In any case, a trip-wire (which is what the United States troops in Europe are supposed to be) would be just as effective one place as another, whether on the property line or 25 feet back.

I have cited two chief reasons for meeting the Rapacki Plan with a "no, but" instead of a "no": the opportunity to treat the Poles seriously and thus put a little more stress on the whole Soviet structure, and the vital need to bring the problem of the unification of the two Germanys back to the forefront of the discussion. There are other reasons which can only be suggested in passing. It is barely possible that we might strike some limited pay dirt in the field of disarmament. This has been a long-time principal objective of American policy, one of the few objectives Washington has pursued with steadfastness and imagination. Our government has approached it on many different tacks, sometimes seeking to find a universal solution and sometimes seeking solutions limited to certain geographic areas or to certain phases of the problem. Against our own background, therefore, it is hard to understand why the US should scorn a local achievement in Europe, or even the struggle for one.

Then, too, the US could reap a certain harvest of recreated confidence and support around the world by agreeing to talk about these matters. European and neutral opinion was strong for exploration last spring. It is no secret that our cold disinterest won us no friends. Indications begin anew that the modified Rapacki proposal will create a similar climate of opinion. Already Prime Minister Diefenbaker of Canada says the new plan merits consideration.

Mine is not a plea for the Rapacki Plan. Neither is this a plea for "disengagement." It is simply a plea to keep the door open. It is incredible that we can seriously sit down with the Russians, of all people, to discuss the prevention of surprise attack (Lewis Carroll was born too soon!) and cannot sit down with the Poles to discuss military and political settlements along Europe's great fault-line. It is equally incredible that we can find ourselves in a trap like Berlin and not seize instantly upon an opening presented by the other side, for whatever reasons, and use it to present new proposals for a German settlement.

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SOUTHERNERS AND SCHOOLS—II

The "New Negroes" in Alabama

by HELEN FULLER

"IT'S JUST a question of who gets tired first, our side or the niggers. And it won't bother us a bit to spend the next generation in court," the lawyer said.

The "New Negroes"—cast in the mold of Martin Luther King—one meets in all the cities of the Deep South are no less resolute in their own cause.

It is strength matched against strength, with the Negro gathering confidence and determination by the day. And nowhere, everyone agrees, will the test be longer or more exhaustive than in Birmingham.

At the moment the contest there looks very one-sided. Everything is working for those who would pay any price to preserve segregation in the schools. Birmingham's largely industrial population (40 percent Negro), low in income and low in education, would face the possible closing of public schools—for a time—with greater equanimity than other cities of the region. A young city, founded only in 1870, Birmingham lacks deep cultural roots to steady it in times of change. And perhaps as a result, in the last 10 years the city has permitted the police free use of extra-legal methods against those who show any tolerance for integration.

Mail tampering by the police led to a federal conviction in 1955. Private interracial gatherings are customarily broken up by squad car officers with no warrants for search or arrest. Acts of violence go unpunished. The white press has reported 22 bombings and four cases of arson against Negro homes or churches in Greater Birmingham since 1947. Not a single arrest occurred, however, until last summer when Negroes caught two white men near a dynamiting and beat them up; the police arrested the two later in the hospital.

Compared with their peers in New Orleans or Atlanta, the "power structure" of Birmingham—known since Populist days in Alabama as the "Big Mules"—are lacking in financial courage and imagination. More interested in economy (they fought building a new city hall for years after the old one was condemned as a fire trap) than in growth (no new industry employing more than 1,000 workers has come to Birmingham since the war), they fail to see what sacrificing schools for segregation could cost the city.

The two daily papers are totally unreconstructed.

There are no effective voices of moderation. Those trade union leaders who have tried to talk reasonably about the Supreme Court position on the schools have found themselves in trouble when they came up for reelection. The state president of the Alabama AFL-CIO rode out such a storm (among other things he was accused of sneaking union funds to the NAACP), but race-baiting has become the accepted lethal weapon in factional union politics. White unionists had a large share a year ago in electing as city commissioner of police and education the most violent racist in Alabama politics, Eugene "Bull" Conner. Hayes Aircraft workers wrote Walter Reuther threatening to pull out of the UAW unless he stopped attacking segregation. And few Negroes attend union meetings any more.

The only faint sounds of respect for the Supreme Court ruling on segregation come from the clergy. The two manifestoes issued by the overwhelming majority of Atlanta ministers in support of compliance with the law respecting public schools evidently have pricked the consciences of some in Birmingham. A significant number of clergymen have condemned the bombings from the pulpit; a smaller handful make no secret of their belief that segregation is sinful. But a Birmingham manifesto on the order of the Atlanta declaration does not appear possible.

The men who dominate the Birmingham Ministerial Association are pastors of the oldest and biggest churches who have negotiated with businessmen in the building of their $3-$4 million plants for so long that they have come to think like them. And courage has not been synonymous with the Association. Last spring when there was an attempted bombing of the Beth-El Jewish Temple, the Ministerial Association met in special session to issue a strong condemnation. Two months later when a second attempt was made to blow up the Bethel Negro Baptist Church, presided over by Rev. F. L. Shuttlesworth who had led the move to abolish segregation on buses, the Association had nothing to say. (When a meeting to protest was requested, it was refused on the ground that some members disliked Shuttlesworth personally.)

HELEN FULLER, *a Southerner by birth and education, has just returned from a survey trip through the Southern states. This is the second of several interpretive reports.*

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On the white side of the fence in Birmingham everything is running smoothly for the segregationists who are moving merrily along toward 1960, heating up race hatred to help carry Alabama for an Orval Faubus States' Rights ticket.

But in the longer run they have the likes of F. L. Shuttlesworth to deal with.

White people in Birmingham who are inclined to sympathize with Negro aspirations for equal treatment generally do not include the Rev. Frank Shuttlesworth, pastor of the Bethel Baptist Church, in their expressions of good will. He "stirs the others up," they complain, "gives them ideas." Which is true. But except for Shuttlesworth the day of some token recognition of race equality in Birmingham would be much farther off than it is today. His critics can't cry "outside agitator" or "Northern influence," for Frank Shuttlesworth has rarely set foot outside of Alabama in all his 37 years.

Born in Montgomery, the slight, soft-spoken but extremely self-confident young preacher grew up on the outskirts of Birmingham where his stepfather worked in the mines at Oxmoor. After graduating from Rosedale High School, he married almost immediately, got a clerical job on the Air Force base at Mobile and started raising a family. In Mobile, Shuttlesworth began taking night courses at a Baptist seminary five miles away at Pritchett. That made him want to go back to school so much that in 1947 he quit his government job and moved his wife and three children to Selma, Alabama, where he entered Selma University, another Baptist institution. He did odd jobs at night and his wife worked, too. He stood first in his class. The next year he began preaching at a rural church 10 miles from Selma, and a few months later another little church at Potter's Station "called" him to be their pastor, too.

When the Shuttlesworths moved to Montgomery the next fall, in 1949, so that Frank could attend a college —Alabama State—which could award him a certificate to teach, he commuted the 50 miles back to Selma each weekend to tend his two rural flocks. And when the big Selma First Baptist Church lost its pastor the next spring, it was Shuttlesworth they called to replace him. He moved his family into the parsonage and went back to school.

When he received his A.B. at Selma University, he started commuting to Montgomery to complete the work for his teaching certificate, and after he got it he taught happily in Dallas County, an intransigent island of Confederate philosophy, for two years ("That was before I got into civil rights.")

In March, 1953, the Bethel Baptist Church called Reverend Shuttlesworth to North Birmingham where he did get into such things. In 1955, he took a hand in a long-standing effort to get Negro officers appointed to the city police force. Reverend Shuttlesworth persuaded 77 other Negro ministers to sign a petition, and he began knocking on doors at City Hall to find out why the delay on what every public administration study of Birmingham had recommended. "That was when I found out that the Southern white man can smile like he means 'yes' when he means 'hell, no'." City officials had actually promised to put Negro police on in 10 days when Emmet Till was killed. "I knew then there was just going to be a fight."

In recognition of what he had done on the police matter, the Birmingham chapter of NAACP invited Reverend Shuttlesworth to make the Emancipation Day speech on January 1, 1956. His talk on the three P's—Patience, Persistence and Perspective—made a big hit. He joined the NAACP then and as membership chairman had helped to build the local group to more than 3,000 when in June an Alabama circuit judge enjoined the NAACP from further activity in the state. "Nobody can explain how we felt that day they outlawed us, except it was like the day President Roosevelt died. Everybody went around asking everyone else, 'What are we going to do now?' "

"A few days later I happened by Arthur Shores' (local counsel to the NAACP) office on some other business and found a number of them sitting there asking each other what the NAACP could do. 'Gentlemen', I said, 'it is time the masses got in this struggle. . . . I have decided to stake my all on the altar and call a mass meeting.' I did, and that day we organized to attack segregation in Birmingham."

Shuttlesworth visited Montgomery where the bus boycott was on. And when the Supreme Court in December ruled that segregated seating on the Montgomery buses was illegal, he decided that it was time to move in Birmingham. On December 20 his people petitioned the city to rescind the segregation rules; otherwise, they warned, Negroes would "ride the buses unsegregated." On Christmas night, the Bethel Church parsonage was destroyed by a bomb; Shuttlesworth, his wife and children and a guest were slightly injured. But the next morning, as planned, Negroes seated themselves in the "white" (front) sections of buses and 22 were arrested. Shuttlesworth himself sat in the front seats of two buses and reported to the police that he had done so, but was not arrested for violating the segregation laws; he was, however, given a ticket for driving his car without a license. The following day he called off the massive non-violent defiance: "We have accomplished our purpose in getting these people arrested" and so requiring a legal test of the segregation laws.

(During the two years since the Christmas bombing the Shuttlesworth home and the Bethel Church have been under constant guard. Not by the police—they have never offered protection although detectives sit in Shuttlesworth's congregation every Sunday—but by vol-

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unteers on regular shifts. One is always on duty in a shack back of the new parsonage that was built across the street from the church. Another guard keeps watch over the church from a high porch that has been added to a house across the way. When Shuttlesworth has to leave town overnight, someone stays in his home in his stead.)

An effort to test segregation in the waiting rooms of the railroad station soon after proved harder. Two Negroes, husband and wife, seated themselves in a room marked "Interstate and White Passengers" in the Terminal Station, and were arrested and jailed for daring to do so. When they brought suit in US District Court to test their rights, however, the police court charge against them was withdrawn in time to permit Federal Judge Seybourn Lynne to dismiss their petition because it had become "hypothetical."

That September Shuttlesworth took two of his children and two others to a white school to enter them on opening day. He was beaten by a mob outside the building, and the children were turned away. But suit was filed to test the constitutionality of the Pupil Placement Law which Alabama had passed in 1957 as her answer to the Supreme Court on desegregation. That suit was lost last November 24 when the Court refused to find the Placement Law unconstitutional *on its face*. But the next order of business on Shuttlesworth's personal calendar is to find another way to reopen the question of the law's legality.

Shuttlesworth had planned to press ahead on desegregating the public parks in 1958 too. A suit was to have been filed on November 18, but as it happened that day Shuttlesworth was in jail and his lawyers were busy. He and 17 other Negroes had been arrested in "white" seats in the buses again to test a new segregation ordinance.

These excursions are not without plan. Shuttlesworth believes that there must be attack along with resistance. It is not enough, he says, to refuse peace on the white man's terms; Negroes must take the initiative. "They should *ask* for the repeal of segregation laws even if they are not ready to file suits." And they should not pause between attacks. Timing is all important. And it is better to be ahead than behind. "Eisenhower always catches the bull by the tail rather than the horns and so gets tail results."

At first there were those among the Negroes who thought Shuttlesworth was too bold. The older preachers always had found it more comfortable to stir the fire with a long-handled poker. But there is no "vocal" opposition to his strategy now. The Negro ministry in Birmingham, like the teaching profession, is becoming younger. (Between one-third and one-half of the ministers could now be called "young.") They and the whole Negro community have felt delight in finding "that the Southern white man is not nearly the bugabear they thought he was" and in seeing Shuttlesworth give "Bull" Conner as good as he is given. And since January, 1957, the movement in Birmingham has gained status from alliance with other cities in what is called the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Martin Luther King, Shuttlesworth, C. K. Steele of Tallahassee and T. J. Jemison of Baton Rouge founded the new organization somewhat to the annoyance of the NAACP. The group has repeatedly denied that any rivalry exists, but Shuttlesworth does not shy away from expressing their difference in approach. He speaks with deep sincerity of the debt owed to the NAACP for preparing the ground for what is happening in the South today. The experience of Southern Negroes in the war, the Supreme Court decision on the schools, and the work of the NAACP produced the "New Negroes," and the NAACP should not be rated least of the three, he emphasizes. Shuttlesworth honors its work so much that he intends to take out a life membership when he gets the money. But the NAACP, in his view, "hasn't revised its policies to keep up with modern trends." Any organization that is "more class than mass" can not be truly effective now. "It is only through the masses, spiritually organized and committed to non-violence, that you are going to get the devotion and fervor it takes to go ahead. . . . It takes masses to meet massive resistance." The NAACP will probably be needed again "to put on the brakes," but there is no occasion to apply the brakes now, Shuttlesworth points out, "when the car isn't even moving."

The burden now must rest on the Southern Negro. There are liberal whites who would like to help, "but it is too dangerous for them. The bombings prove that." The federal government could help end segregation sooner, Reverend Shuttlesworth adds, but if it doesn't use its powers more forcefully than it is doing now, whether the Civil Rights Act has a "Section 3 or a Section 10, won't make any difference." He scorns the Civil Rights Commission for compromising with the State of Alabama on the matter of subpoenaing registration records. Compromise is no good, he says: "Where did the Missouri Compromise and the Wilmot Proviso lead but to the Civil War?"

Frank Shuttlesworth does not try to conceal his pride in his new-found gift of leadership. He frankly takes credit for firing the minds and imaginations of Birmingham Negroes to claim their rights. And he considers it a personal triumph that after 2½ years and 33 mass meetings his following is not discouraged. They come as often as they are called together, and they give whenever they are asked.

The main thing, he says, is to keep on keeping on. "The Alabama situation is like a rock you know is hard. You keep pounding and chiselling and it probably won't break with the stroke you expect, but it will fly wide open with one you didn't."

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Dunbarton

by Robert Lowell

WHEN Uncle Devereux died,
Daddy was still on sea-duty in the Pacific;
it seemed spontaneous and proper
for Mr. MacDonald, the farmer,
Karl, the chauffeur, and even my Grandmother
to say, "your Father." They meant my Grandfather.
He was my Father. I was his son.
On our yearly autumn get-aways from Boston
to the family graveyard in Dunbarton,
he took the wheel himself—
like an admiral at the helm.
Freed from Karl and chuckling over the gas he was saving,
he let his motor roller-coaster
out of control down each hill.
We stopped at the *Priscilla* in Nashua
for brownies and root beer,
and later "pumped ship" together in the Indian summer. . . .
At the graveyard, an original modern Christ
gave a sheepdog's nursing patience
to Grandfather's Aunt Lottie,
his Mother, the stone but not the bones
of his Father Francis.
Failing as when Francis Winslow could count
them on his fingers,
the clump of virgin pine still stretched patchy ostrich necks
over the disused millpond's fragrantly woodstained water,
a reddish blur,
like the ever blackening wine-dark coat
in our portrait of Edward Winslow
once sheriff for George the Second,
the sire of bankrupt Tories.
Grandfather and I
raked leaves from our dead forebears,
defied the dank weather
with "dragon" bonfires.
Our helper, Mr. Burroughs,
had stood with Sherman at Shiloh—
his thermos of shockless coffee
was milk and grounds;
his illegal home-made claret
was as sugary as grape jelly
in a tumbler capped with paraffin.
I borrowed Grandfather's cane
carved with the names and altitudes
of Norwegian mountains he had scaled—
more a weapon than a crutch.
I lanced it in the fauve ooze for newts.
In a tobacco tin after capture,
the umber yellow mature newts
lost their leopard spots,
lay grounded as numb
as scrolls of candied grapefruit peel.
I saw myself as a young newt,
neurasthenic, scarlet
and wild in the wild coffee-colored water.
In the mornings I cuddled like a paramour
in my Grandfather's bed,
while he scouted about the chattering greenwood stove.
Grandfather found
his grandchild's fogbound solitudes
sweeter than human society.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Perils of Leisure

by Donald Cook

THE immediate background of the American part of the story is often told through contrasts with 1900. The workday has shortened from ten hours to eight, the week from six days to five. Life expectancy at birth has increased from 47 years to 70. The number of people "not gainfully employed" at any one time has been swelled by the ranks of those new social classes, the young and the old. Much of our population is no longer working in the areas of primary subsistence, and increasingly money is spent on non-subsistence goods and services. Entertainment, high and low, is a four-billion dollar business, vacation travel and activities a 15 billion dollar business, and the Do-It-Yourself market takes six billion dollars a year.

Mass Leisure, edited by Eric Larrabee and Rolf Meyerson (Free Press; $6.50).

That such developments may not be the unmixed blessing they may once have seemed from afar may be gathered from the following developments: The University of Chicago has established a Center for the Study of Leisure under a Ford Foundation grant. UNESCO has a project on the forms and needs of leisure. In May, 1957, a special issue of the American Journal of Sociology was devoted to "The Uses of Leisure." Report No. 39 of the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry (August, 1958) is called "The Psychiatrist's Interest in Leisure-Time Activities." In January the American Council of Churches met in Columbus "to discuss the spare time of our increasingly urbanized populace." The victor, if he does not belong to the spoils, is at least possessing them with trepidation. Any who share this concern may well begin with the present volume —a publication of the Chicago center— which contains 40-odd articles, together with a comprehensive bibliography of 1 280 entries.

From Veblen on, the study of leisure has attracted "heretical" analysts, and it is a rich field. Obviously "important," both because it is connected with money and because it is supposed to reveal our ends and values, leisure behavior has been regarded as revealing the very often unspoken preoccupations of our culture.

But it is also true that such studies may reveal the concern of the analyst: What is his *other* theory—of work, money, social structure and process—which must form the base for any account of leisure? The arena is entered from the right by capitalists worried about the stagnant economy, and from the left by ex-Socialists who go into sociology to study the class structure. It is entered from below by the chart-makers doing market research on consumer styles, and from above by literary critics who study high culture through *belles-lettres*. All are here in this volume, and one can see, moving through its pages, those uneasy alliances-with-reservations, which often precede new generalizations.

"The threat of leisure." So reads one of the headings in a classification system for the area composed by Reuel Denney. Part of the threat resides in traditional attitudes having little to do with the current prevalence of leisure, but represents the problems of a culture in transition. After all, earlier societies had plenty of ritually-sanctioned holidays and festivities. European and Asian class structures have provided many answers to the question of how people freed of the need to work might spend their time. But the American path has been directed by the legacies of frontier expansion, the depersonalizing effects of rapid industrialization, and the guilts of the Protestant ethic, which blended so well with the outlook of the captains of industry. "I regard the five-day week as an unworthy ideal," said NAM president John Edgerton in 1926. "More and better work is a more inspiring and worthier motto than less work and more pay. . . . It is better not to trifle or tamper with God's laws." I think it instructive, in retrospect, to reflect that the target of these remarks was—not the Socialist Party, not a labor union, but—Henry Ford! So often programs of groups looking to the future must hold their bite in abeyance until technology catches up with them, and in the process, implements them for a rather different set of reasons.

The reasons which made the appearance of leisure seem a threat, have made it especially hard to appreciate that civilization needs *disinterested* leisure. Leisure hard-earned, or put into the service of status, is likely to fall prey to various interfering motivations, such as (a) *recuperating* from work, a compensation characteristic of overworked lower classes, (b) conspicuous consumption, the vice of the rising middle classes, or (c) *extending work*, such as (in Marquand's phrase) "sweetening one's contacts," a preoccupation of upper and professional classes, whose leisure is really homework, or a continuation of business—by other means.

These tendencies are well documented in various articles in this volume, and several others argue the corollary that civilized activity requires a minority with *granted* leisure. This can, of course, be misused; perhaps the touchstone of a civilization is the set of traditional values which governs the deployment of its free energies.

APART from tradition, two main aspects of prevailing patterns are given attention. The uncertain spread of mass leisure touches at its lower edge the country's economic base, and at its upper, the question of relations with high culture.

The economic problem is twofold. First, there remain serious inequities in income distribution: despite taxation, in 1951 the upper fifth of the population took 41 percent of the national income, while the lower fifth got but 3 percent. Harvey Swados' study of Akron rubberworkers' six-hour day reports that many workers have taken second jobs. The "threat of leisure" in many instances is that of enforced leisure—the layoff. Which brings us to the second aspect of the economic problem: we are in a war economy, and cannot therefore control its currents for economic purposes except in the dangerous direction. If

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we may, for a moment, put aside the threat of war itself, the cold-war economy may be seen as one of two possible solutions to an overextended economy which has not learned, in Riesman's phrase, "to enjoy and engage in those services that are expensive in terms of manpower but not of capital." The other technique, equally pathological and inimical to a life in which leisure might really mean something, is planned obsolescence, with its souped-up advertising, fad-engineering, and other techniques of marketing the same old junk in thin disguise, so preventing a radical re-orientation.

Where leisure activities touch the fringes of high culture, the lines are drawn for another argument. Liberals note the possibilities of communication technology for the multiplication and dissemination of unusually fine books, records, etc. But conservatives and radicals alike are hostile: the former mourn the debasement of traditional graces in taste, the latter alert us to the trivializing and diverting functions of mass entertainment in the midst of profound crises, internal as well as external. The complicating thing about America is that *you can't take your choice: all these statements are simultaneously true.* Popular culture may help compensate for submission, as pornography for impotence. Our contact with the significant aspects of the world is passively mediated through TV. Remaining voyeurs of our own destruction, we limit constructive action to the power saw—socially pointless but at least providing immediate feedback. Cheap literature of pornography and violence flourishes, but the Pocket Book of (art) Masters is seized as obscene in Dubuque, Iowa, (they really had something, those Old Masters!)

Maybe there's a hope, perhaps from an unexpected quarter. A study by Robert Dubin suggests that for many workers, the job is not the center of interests. If leisure is extensive and stable, the prospect arises of its use for more than recuperation or job-extension. Such a possibility at least counters the dismal specter of "the organization man," and provides an avenue to the rediscovery of a pluralism of institutional control.

A book like this is hard to organize; these editors have not really tried. Each of the four major sections is prefaced by a one-page master-of-ceremonies send-off. Subheadings tend toward topicality ("Sports") and cuteness ("It All Depends on Your Definition"). The selections are extremely diverse, which is perhaps good; but their level is uneven. Some writers exhibit a history of deep thought about civilized man (Paul Halmos' extract from *Solitude and Privacy*), a few boldly sense new trends (Nelson Foot's "Sex as Play"), a couple are chatty and thoughtless (Russell Lynes' "Time on our Hands"). But it is a beginning in a field that used to be considered undignified to think about. And the bibliography is remarkable. Now all we need is a theory. And, of course, a civilization in which it would matter.

"Togetherness" in India

by Eleanor Rockwell

Elephant Hill, by Robin White, is the sort of novel for which one apologizes, saying sheepishly "it was good train reading," or "I was sick with this bug," or "my aunt gave it to me for my birthday." The only reason to give it more than this kind of accidental reading time is the fact that *Elephant Hill* is the 1959 Harper Prize Novel and, as such, deserves a few comments.

It is such an incredibly naïve piece of writing, considering the prestige, the publicity, and the ten thousand dollars, which accompany its publication, that one can only assume it is the best compromise between the tastes of the judges (Saul Bellow, John K. Hutchens, Jessamyn West) and not really the best novel of more than eight hundred entries in the contest. Not that *Elephant Hill* is thoroughly unsuccessful; but it is neither a potboiler nor a possible *succès d'estime*, and falls so prettily in between that it surprises more than it fulfills.

Elephant Hill, by Robin White (Harper; $3.50).

Curiously, the author's experience (lived in India until the age of sixteen, then New Haven, Yale, Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, return visit to India) and his plot promise much more than we have been given. One feels that the author has, himself, compromised.

The plot, which has its parallels in *Passage to India,* and to which it might be compared if it were a more subtle novel, concerns Beth Sumner, an American spinister in her mid-thirties, who goes to Kasappur, India, to visit her sister and brother-in-law, a medical missionary, after three recent traumas: the death of her father, the termination of an engagement, and the lapse of her contract as a school teacher. On her first day at the mission, which lies in the shadow of Elephant Hill, one of four hills, which we are *told* but not convinced of, have given the place the name of "Abode of Bitterness," Beth is appalled to discover that her sister and brother-in-law are engaged in a struggle for the legal guardianship of an Indian boy whom they have "adopted" (neither the characters nor the author apparently know the meaning of this term). Beth had met the boy's natural father, Mr. Alagarsami, by coincidence on the train before her arrival, and found him "really wonderful"; just as she finds her brother-in-law "a wonderful, wonderful guy" and her sister's two natural children, Derek and Phoebe, and the Indian child, Mutthu, "just adorable." The plot turns on the misunderstanding of custodial motives between Mr. Alagarsami and Beth's relatives in which the missionaries keep telling us of their "Christian charity" and Mr. Alagarsami is made to act like a vaudeville foreigner (at one point he even debates with his mirror about what manner of clothing will make him appear really Indian). The sub-plot, of course, concerns Beth herself, and Mr. Alagarsami, who unravel the threads of East and West for Mutthu only to find themselves romantically entwined. This masquerade of life is accomplished with such a *lack* of bitterness, despite the shadow of Elephant Hill, and in such a spirit of "togetherness" that one is embarassed to have spied at all on such lovely people.

One could have forgiven White the liberty of rewriting *Passage to India* thirty-eight years later (*Elephant Hill* even has its own cave scene); such a book might have been welcomed as a

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political and documentary comparison between a changing and a changed India. But the author has taken himself too seriously, and Forster's example not seriously enough; he has written, instead, a book which reads like the observations of an earnest school boy who has watched his elders during a crisis, and who understands some, but by no means enough, of what motivates them.

Only in his descriptions of the Indian life in Kasappur does he reveal himself as a prize-winner. The encounter between Beth and a mad beggar is a memorable vignette, unfortunately not pursued; and Mr. Alagarsami is, despite his missionary working over, a character of some depth: one despairs, laughs, and ponders with him, and in this respect White passes the test of a novelist. It is because of this intermittent show of skill that I assume the author has compromised; he *can* write (at least of India) but has chosen to compose an East-meets-West soap opera which is a success on just that level.

San Juan Comes to New York

by Manuel Maldonado-Dens

THIS BOOK is the result of three years of research undertaken by the author in a New York City slum which she calls Eastville. The research was intended to be "an exploration or pilot study of the social adaptations of Puerto Ricans to American slum life." The study is thus not an attempt to generalize about the behavior of all the Puerto Ricans who migrate to New York, but only those at the bottom of the heap.

Up From Puerto Rico by Helena Padilla (Columbia; $5).

The great wave of Puerto Rican migration occurred after the Second World War. There were low fares for air travel from San Juan to New York and easy-payment plans. Most of the migrants came to New York expecting to make more money and to find work without too much difficulty. They soon found that though they earn more money than they did in Puerto Rico, the cost of living is higher and the hazards of unemployment are greater. There were 569,000 Puerto Ricans living in continental United States in 1953, and 455,000 of them lived in New York City. The absence of any restrictions on the flow of migration has contributed toward an increase in migration figures.

Dr. Padilla gives us a vivid account of the habits and customs of Puerto Rican migrants in Eastville: clashes between the traditional culture of Puerto Rico and the "new" culture that Puerto Ricans (or Hispanos as they like to call themselves) have acquired in America, is best exemplified in the conflict between generations. Dr. Padilla points to three sub-groups of Hispanos living in Eastville: (1) the old Residents ("those who have lived here for many years"), which includes a number of individuals between 45 and 60. This older generation uses Spanish as the language of conversation, and tends to cling to the traditional cultural patterns common in the island; (2) the born and/or brought-up in New York. As a rule this younger generation is fully conversant in English and has more formal education than its parents. "Their point of reference is American society." Finally there are the most recent migrants—a group looked down upon by everybody else.

The conflict between the old residents and those born and reared in New York is manifested in the different attitudes toward child-rearing; in the divergent expectations with regard to the role of the woman in the house; and in other customs and mores. Dr. Padilla points to certain traits of the "new" culture: the most conspicuous is the use of a new language which is neither Spanish nor English, but a cultural hybrid.

DR. PADILLA devotes several instructive chapters to such subjects as family and kinship relations; child rearing practices; cliques and the social grapevine; health—all of which offer a clear close-up of the way of life and thought of the Hispanos. Three things struck me as particularly significant:

(1) The lack of unity among the Hispanos in New York and their self-deprecation. Whatever solidarity they achieve is a response to the "others," especially if the "others" are felt to have discriminated against Hispanos. As Dr. Padilla states it:

> Discrimination on the part of the out-group has been a powerful mechanism in splitting the Hispano group as a positive and creative force to social and emotional strength. It has operated negatively to increase the internal cohesion of the group as a defense against the threat that discrimination represents. It has also contributed to the acceptance by Hispanos of images of disapproval and devaluation of individuals for being members of their group.

(2) The persistent Hispano belief that "man's life is subject to fate and that luck plays an important part in those things that are to lead him to the fulfillment of his destiny."

(3) The Eastville Puerto Ricans' perception of the "American." His contacts with "Americans" are generally restricted to white collar workers, especially those upon whom he is dependent—doctors, nurses, welfare workers, etc. For the Hispanos of the slums the "americanos" (meaning "white" Americans) are "different," powerful, representing the law, and capable of affecting their lives in a fundamental but unpredictable way.

Dr. Padilla's book provides an enlightening description of the institutions, mores and customs of Puerto Rican slum dwellers in New York. Its main defect is in the author's unwillingness to go beyond description. The data are here, but it leaves unexplained why the Hispanos of New York behave as they do.

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MOVIES

From Hungary to Sutton Place

The Journey (MGM); *Auntie Mame* (Warner).

WHEN a film deals with a major contemporary tragedy, the audience has a right to expect illumination, not exploitation. We should feel that the picture attempts to clarify through dramatization and does not merely use the event as an up-to-the-minute background for just another movie. *The Journey* is set against the Hungarian rebellion of 1956, and it is a mish-mash of sincerity and conventional manufacture.

Clearly Anatole Litvak, the director, and George Tabori, the writer, were moved by the rebellion and wanted, as men and artists, to make a statement about it. Then, in themselves or under pressure, they began to compromise and whittle. The result is a mixture of clichés and shackled good intentions, seasoned with some highly effective moments.

Under the movement of the picture one hears the steady hum of voices at a studio story conference. A group of various nationals are stranded at the Budapest airport by the uprising and are sent by bus to the Austrian border. ("See? Sort of like *The Wayward Bus* and *Idiot's Delight* put together.") At the border a Russian major delays them and falls in love with the aristocratic Englishwoman in the party ("Does anyone remember *The Green Goddess*?") Frightened members of the group ask the Englishwoman to give herself to the major in order to persuade him to release them and her lover—a disguised Hungarian rebel who has been unmasked by the Russians. ("Why, it's *Boule de Suif* plus *Tosca*—in spades.")

The clevernesses of the picture are fundamental and eventually crippling to it, but there are a few gems among the paste. In fact, the contrast between the true and the false is so sharp that the effect of the film is irritation, not disgust; you feel that these people who temporized could have made a serious picture. Some of the dialogue is vivid and good, but the good scenes alternate with dialogue like:

She: We've been apart five years.

He: (after a moment, thoughtfully) It's a long time.

She: Yes. (Pause.) It's a very long time.

The script's chief success and chief justification for existence are in the character of the Russian major. Tabori was obviously determined to write neither a Hearst dummy nor a drooling villain. Major Surov is a generally good portrait of a dedicated Marxist soldier who cannot understand why life doesn't fit his theories, why the Hungarians who once cheered the Soviet troops that liberated them are now sniping at them from roof-tops. The only cinematic touch here is that this perfervid Communist is weakened in will by the attractions of the English lady. Of course it *could* happen; but to make it a convincing irruption of passion into a rigid discipline, instead of a plot device, this otherwise adequate characterization needed more depth and development.

Surov is played by Yul Brynner who, as always, strives impressively for intensity, for truthfully generated feeling. His methods as a craftsman seem sound enough, but in the end they simply do not produce unassailable artistic vitality. (He has plenty of physical vitality.) The root of the trouble, I believe, is his voice; it lacks the power that his strong face and cat-like bearing promise us. It seems somewhat ungrounded, diluted at its edges. Brynner reminds me of Erich von Stroheim, his predecessor in baldpatedness. I remember — hearing von Stroheim speak for the first time, in *Grand Illusion* — how his soft, bland voice considerably weakened the figure that his silent films had created. The sound of Brynner, too, works against the sight of him and gives his ostensible vigor a certain basic flabbiness.

Deborah Kerr does what she can with the Englishwoman, but since little else is required of her but to be distraught, she is lashed to monotony. Robert Morley, that human *soufflé*, contributes his pleasant self to the proceedings as a British correspondent. E. G. Marshall, an actor of trenchant qualities, is relatively wasted here as a harassed American paterfamilias.

If this picture proves memorable, it will be because it introduces to the screen Jason Robards, Jr. Robards, who rose to prominence through his New York performances in two O'Neill plays, makes his film debut as the Hungarian rebel and not only certifies again a remarkable acting talent but establishes that he can become a screen figure of the first magnitude. (Not necessarily the same thing.)

As an actor, he has easily all the fire that Brynner never quite achieves, a voice of instant force, a gift for baring the heart of a dramatic matter and thus giving it the nakedness of poetry. As a personality, although he is very much himself, he is reminiscent of Humphrey Bogart. There is about him the air of a man battered but not beaten by experience, hopeful and courageous within reason; and his gaunt attractive face gives the surrealist impression of being stripped for emotional action. Contrary to prevalent modesties, I believe that predictions are part of a critic's business, and I think Robards will achieve several kinds of large success in films.

Technicolor has laid its deadly bloom upon this picture, prettying up the tanks and uniforms and guns. But despite this and other dissatisfactions noted above, the film is probably worth seeing for its good points. For an outstanding instance, it would be a real loss to miss the scene in which, while a bullet is being extracted from his shoulder without anesthetic, Robards speaks the words of a Hungarian freedom song.

Auntie Mame is now on the screen, and a review might well end there. Everyone has some knowledge of the Patrick Dennis novel or the Lawrence-Lee stage version, or both; and has made up his mind pro or otherwise. The play has been filmed almost intact. It is hard to see what contributions Screenwriters Comden and Green have made besides legalizing Agnes Gooch's baby and inserting some unfunny mechanical furniture. Morton DaCosta repeats his Broadway staging—so closely, in fact, that the actors on the veranda of the Southern mansion look tidily lined up to avoid a falling curtain.

Rosalind Russell, magnificently gowned, is of course the sensibly crazy aunt and again bowls us along with charming energy and neatly varied vaudeville turns. If her film Mame is slightly disappointing, it is probably be-

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cause in the theatre we were conscious that it was all being done within two and a half hours so that, besides being amused by her performance, we were stunned by the marathonian ebullience.

The film script suffers from the same integral fault as the play. For about the first third, it is diverting high comedy growing out of credible characters; then, for fear of losing momentum, the writers start to pump in gags and gaggy situations. What starts out as glittering comedy descends through farce to circus. Also, there is an element that has clearly worried everyone concerned from the start: Mame's husband. If she loves him, how can his death be accommodated in the light vein of the piece? If she marries him solely for his money, how can she retain sympathy? The problem is still unsolved.

But if you like *Auntie Mame*—and by now you know whether or not you do—you will like the film.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

TELEVISION

Verisimilitude

THE CAMPAIGN to empty television drama of its dregs of meaning has always been embarrassed by the stubborn reality of the television image, which, given a false story, often as not simply exposes it instead of telling it. This has now been solved by doing away with the story. On seven shows in Los Angeles we have an interesting experiment in art — the "simulated" courtroom drama. There are variations, from "Court Martial," to "Parole Board," "Divorce Court," "Juvenile Court," "Traffic Court," and the most perfect example, being utterly bereft of conflict, "Night Court," where everyone pleads guilty.

The gimmick is simple, and cheap. There is a court (or perhaps a police station or hearing room) for a set, a judge to call recesses for commercials, a collection of real lawyers hired to represent a collection of actors. The actors learn no lines. They are told who they are and what they've done, and step up to be questioned. There is no attempt to do more than paint an effect of reality on little thin slices of life.

In this, the shows are often wonderfully successful. The camera is pushed about among the spectators and defendants, alert, curious and quick. The lawyers drone on, the witnesses blunder enthusiastically into speeches that suddenly end for no reason, or meander desperately off into a sigh. At times the participants seem to lose their grip on their real selves and begin fighting in earnest, inventing new evidence and improvising their alter egos on the spot. The judge rises to such occasions. He calls a commercial, and while we learn of the wonders of science, the trouble is straightened out.

In courthouses — real courthouses — there is a small and loyal gallery. Old ladies they are usually, with runover heels, and bad complexions from frying things on hotplates in dingy hotel rooms. They are lonely, curious, and seem to have no memory. They never learn anything at all. The judges groan with weariness at the endless repetition of the same trouble; the lawyers yawn with boredom at their clients' lack of imagination. Only the defendants and the old ladies experience each case for the first time. For them it is the stuff of adventure. And for all the other sensation-starved gapers, accident watchers, fire chasers, peeping Toms, voyeurs and parasites of misery. This is the audience courtroom drama is simulated for.

The plot which the TV producers have taken away had a mechanical utility of anchoring the audience in their seats and the actors in their own world, where their emotions were dealt with as a matter of balance and tension among them. In theater there are physical boundaries between viewer and action as well, but in television there is none. The viewer is thrust directly into the action, and with no story, no other actors, emotions have no significance except their shock value; the moment the viewer's sympathy is engaged the emotions are his.

What does he see? Tabu persons expressing forbidden thoughts. The prostitute defends her indolence; the adulterer is slyly proud of his lust; the wife beater blusters and threatens. The audience is thrilled by the spectacle of its own secret horridness exposed, unashamed, defiant and sniggering. When it has gone far enough, the judge restores order. In these shows he is allowed to lecture and moralize. He washes away vicarious guilt with simulated punishment.

We are all repressed in certain matters, as the Victorians were in others, by authority that grows stronger and stronger, and by togetherness, both of which forbid expression of the anti-social urges allowed their freedom in the simulated courtrooms. It is all a little like primitive magic, with a judge-shaman banishing tribal sins in the scapegoat. No doubt these shows serve as therapy for some troubled people, and as a habit leading to addiction for those whose grasp on reality is weakest.

Ray Bradbury, a better than average science fiction writer, thought of this first. He imagined a woman of the future who spent most of her waking hours in a parlor with three television walls, listening to the chatter and gabble of amorphous characters who carried on a meaningless near-quarrel, always on the verge of bursting into some violent emotion that had been banished from her world. Their surcharged bickering bled away emotions for which there was no outlet, with no story to raise issues that might carry over into life. No one knew who the characters were, or what they were saying, though the woman tried to explain.

"Well, they had this fight, you see. They certainly fight a lot. You should listen. I think they're married. Yes, they're married. Why?"

We seem to be reaching this state sooner than we thought. At least the poor old ladies down at the real courthouse are parasites on real misery, and not on a bowdlerized display intended to do nothing but create an illusion.

For Bradbury's woman, one foresaw the day when the walls might tumble, to reveal a world changed beyond recognition while she was gone, inhabited by people with a firm idea of where they begin and their entertainment ends. Seeing the poor mad creature blundering about, wondering where her friends have gone, they will put her where anyone who responds to fiction as if it were fact belongs—in an asylum.

FRANK R. PIERSON

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RECORDS

Opera and Excerpts

THOUGH Rimsky-Korsakov's Meyerbeerization of Musorgsky's *Boris Godunov* began to be discussed around 1924, and though the score of the Musorgsky original was published in 1928, the Rimsky version has continued to be performed, and it was not until 1953 that the Metropolitan produced the original. And as late as that very year, HMV, making its first complete recording of *Boris*, which was issued here by RCA Victor, recorded the Rimsky version; Columbia, which at that time had recording rights for the Metropolitan's productions, chose not to record the production of the original *Boris*; and a couple of years later London issued another recording of the Rimsky version by the Belgrade Opera. It was not until the Book-of-the-Month Club, in 1956, had Victor record parts of the Metropolitan production for its Metropolitan Opera Record Club that any of the original *Boris* was put on records; and it is presumably because Victor has lost the rights to the HMV recording and has to have something to replace it that it now issues the Book-of-the-Month Club recording as LM-6063, with the result that anyone who wants to can at last hear parts of the original *Boris* from records.

But only parts—and not some of the greatest parts. In 1955 Mr. John Gutman of the Metropolitan explained the delay in recording *Boris* for the book club by the fact that "for the first year we are not planning on recording complete operas and the particular interest one might expect for a recording of the original *Boris* would naturally be mainly directed towards a complete record." Very right; but the recording that was made was not complete, as the first and only recording of the original version should have been. Nor were the omitted portions the inferior Polish scenes and the tedious scene in Pimen's cell: instead, these were retained, and two of the most important and impressive portions of the work, the opening and closing scenes, were omitted. As so often happens, then, we are given only part of the loaf: the scenes of the coronation, the Tsar's apartment, St. Basil's and the Duma. They are sung well—regrettably in Mr. Gutman's disturbingly poor English—by a group headed by Giorgio Tozzi, with Mitropoulos conducting.

Of Cherubini's *Medea* with Eileen Farrell too we are given only part of the loaf. Columbia might have recorded the complete stage performance in San Francisco or the American Opera Society's concert performance; but instead ML-5325 offers only a number of pieced-together arias and duets in which Farrell sings with the tenor Andre Turp and the bass-baritone Ezio Flagello and an economy-sized orchestra under Arnold Gamson. The record, nevertheless, is a must—not only because of the impressive vocal and orchestral writing, but because of Farrell's singing: the highest notes of her voice have lost some of their fullness and luster; but otherwise its splendor is undiminished, as is the expressive eloquence of her employment of it. Turp and Flagello are excellent; and Gamson conducts effectively.

The powerfully expressive orchestral writing in the accompanied recitatives and the arias is one of the amazing things in the young Mozart's seldom-heard opera *Idomeneo*; and others are the noble beauty and expressive force of the vocal writing for soloists and chorus, and the dramatic use of coloratura style —most notably the descending staccato scales in Electra's final aria that suggest the desperate laughter of a demented creature. All these are admirably realized in the Glyndebourne Festival performance on Angel 3574 (with the cuts, chiefly in recitative, made for the stage production)—a performance paced and shaped well by Pritchard, with outstanding singing by Jurinac and Simoneau and good singing by Lucille Udovick and Richard Lewis.

Angel 3569 offers another performance of the 1774 French version of Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice*, which has Orpheus sung by a tenor. The first performance was on Epic SC-6019, with Simoneau singing the taxingly high music with more ease and beauty than Gedda in the Angel performance, which nevertheless is a good one and has the finer orchestral playing and choral singing of the two.

One of Verdi's less frequently heard works, *Simon Boccanegra*, which has fine pages, is on Capitol-EMI GCR-7126, conducted well by Santini and sung by a cast which includes the luscious-voiced De los Angeles with the top of her voice lacking warmth and luster, and a dry-voiced Gobbi, a rough-voiced Christoff and a coarse-voiced Campora.

The earlier *Barber of Seville* reissued on Capitol-EMI GCR-7138 has earravishing singing by De los Angeles, beautiful singing and phrasing by Monti, the usual extravagances in *"Largo al factotum"* by Becchi, and poorly paced and coarse-grained playing by the Milan Symphony under Serafin.

Of the several records of performances of operatic excerpts—Birgit Nilsson's on Angel 35540, Erika Koeth's on Capitol-EMI G-7114, Christoff's on G-7125, and Leonie Rysanek's on RCA Victor LM-2262—I like only the last, which offers, in arias from *Aida*, *La Forza del Destino* and *Otello* among others, a beautiful voice with youthful freshness, amplitude and flexibility throughout its range, employed with dramatic expressiveness and with feeling for shape of phrase except for an occasional holding onto a high note, to which the gifted young conductor Arturo Basile has to defer.

AND of famous singers of the past, Tetrazzini, on Rococo 13, exhibits the extraordinary beauty and spectacular agility of her voice in several performances in which her singing is enjoyably straight, and several others in which the total absence of musical phrasing, style, rhythm and mere exactness of time is painful. Ruffo bellows on Rococo 16 as he used to on the stage; Gigli, on 15, sobs even in elegant excerpts from *Faust*; and Roswaenge, on Scala 840, achieves an only too accurate imitation of Richard Tauber.

B. H. HAGGIN

Notes on Contributors

DONALD COOK is engaged in psychological research. ELEANOR ROCKWELL is a former editor of *The Partisan Review*. MANUEL MALDONADO-DENIS is working towards an advanced degree in Political Science at the University of Chicago.

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A COMMUNICATION

How Liberal Are Southern Democrats?

SIRS:

STEPHEN K. BAILEY'S article in the January 5 issue on majority rule in Congress finds me in agreement on many points. It is all the more disappointing, therefore, to find him guilty of gliding over the relatively important role played in Congress by the dwindling group of liberals among Southern Democrats. He says that it is a "myth" that,

> except on race issues Southern Democrats are really National Democrats. Some bad political science has bolstered this myth with statistics. It takes the *Congressional Quarterly* to remind us that in this last session of Congress the Southerners bolted the national Democratic Party on 84 key roll calls. The issues? Housing, unemployment benefits, federal aid to education, slum clearance, taxes and a host of other matters that bother the majority of American citizens.

If what Mr. Bailey means is that a majority of Democratic Congressmen from the South are more conservative than a majority of Democrats from other parts of the country, he is, of course, correct. But he would seem to imply that only an insignficant number of Southerners are truly Democrats at all and that the rest would properly be at home in the other party. In this respect he is not correct.

To demonstrate the presence of liberals among Congressmen from the former Confederate states, it is not necessary to look beyond *The New Republic's* "Key Votes" for the 85th Congress, ignoring roll calls on foreign policy, the tax-cut proposal, on which the liberal side was not easy to discern, the anti-Supreme Court bill, with its racial overtones, and two other measures which were widely interpreted as slaps at the Supreme Court —the attempt to amend the Mallory rule and the expansion of the government security program. This leaves six roll calls in the Senate and five in the House. Exactly half of the 22 Southern Senators supported the "liberal" position on a majority of these roll calls. This hardly corresponds with the position of the Republican Senators, for scarcely one-fourth of whom this was true. On only two issues, the depletion allowance and billboard regulation on the Interstate Highway System, was the percentage of Southern Senators supporting the liberal position lower than the corresponding figure for GOP Senators. If the major oil and gas producing states are omitted from the calculation, this is not even true of the depletion allowance. In two cases, the Yarborough amendment to the bill raising social security benefits and the Knowland amendment to the Kennedy-Ives labor bill, twice as high a percentage of Southern Democrats as of Republicans voted with the liberals.

In the House of Representatives, 31 percent of the Southern Democrats supported the liberal position on a majority of the five roll calls. For Republicans, this figure was only 16 percent. On only one of the individual roll calls, that on the education bill, was there no significant difference between these groups. On three of the five votes, twice as high a percentage of Southerners as of Republicans supported the liberal position.

Since Mr. Bailey suspects that the "myth" that Southern Democrats may really be Democrats has bolstered through improper use of political statistics, I will refrain from supplying more of them. I certainly do not argue that there are no reactionaries in the Southern wing of the Democratic Party. There are all too many of them. But the statistical material above suggests that there are other Southern Congressmen who behave on most issues, not like Republicans, but as liberal Democrats.

In order to win a Presidential election in 1960, it may very well be necessary for the Democratic Party to nominate a candidate and write a platform which will force most of the liberal Southerners out of politics. I do not argue against such a course. But I do protest emphatically against the implicit linking of such atavisms as Eastland and Talmadge with Southern leaders like Kefauver, Johnson, Hill, Sparkman, Gore and Yarborough—and for that matter Fulbright, Smathers or Long, together with such House counterparts as Rains, Trimble, Boggs and Thomas. Let us use their very considerable talents and their smaller number of votes while they are available. They may be around all too short a time.

MURRAY C. HAVENS

Washington, D. C.

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

Much of our economic strength is due to the effectiveness of the marketing function as the persuasive element in distribution. I refer to the competent marketing effort that convincingly demonstrates the benefits of products and services to the potential user.

No one can deny that we have done a miserable job of delivering the right product in terms of technical and economic aid that is practical and useful to the peoples in the throes of social and economic evolution, if not revolution. And where we have done so, we have failed to convincingly demonstrate the "product benefits" to our "customers."

It is high time we realize that the major decisions in the competitive struggle between the free world and the Communist world will fall in the economic sphere, and that in this struggle we have more than used up our margin for error. As the future of any business lies in understanding the buyer, so lies our survival in understanding the peoples of the world. We ought to put this country's best marketing brains (they are everywhere, some of them even on Madison Avenue) to work—not on selling the American way of life—but on finding out what we have to sell or give (economic aid) that people really need, and then proceed with delivering such benefits in ways people will understand.

ERWIN H. KLAUS

Fresno, California

► *Exception to Haggin*

SIRS:

I WISH to take strong exception to B. H. Haggin's snap judgment of Otto Klemperer's recording of the Beethoven Choral Symphony. I fear Mr. Haggin equates tension with ultrasonic tempos. To paraphrase his remarks, for one who has heard performances of the Ninth by Toscanini and others, and who has just been comparing the two recordings movement by movement, with score, his aspersions on the Klemperer performance are incomprehensible. Toscanini simply is not in the same class. He is like a man driving out the Thruway at 75 mph looking neither to the left nor right, and he misses a great deal—and so do his listeners. . . .

Klemperer's more leisurely tempos may indeed not be up to Beethoven's metronome markings, but they do allow us to hear the great wealth of arabesque and illuminative harmonies which are woven around the main melodies throughout this symphony. . . . The Klemperer recording has much greater clarity, his interpretation infinitely greater perception, proportion and, above all, a spacious grandeur.

Mr. Haggin's disaffection for Klemperer is not shared by other record reviewers; if he could disengage himself from the Toscanini myth, he might do well to take a second look.

D. K. BRADLEY

New York, N. Y.

. . . Mr. Haggin replies

IT is Mr. Bradley's right to exercise his judgment and taste and arrive at an estimate of Klemperer's Beethoven performance different from mine; and it is similarly my right to exercise my judgment and taste and arrive at an estimate of those performances different from his, without thereby opening myself to charges of snap judgment and inability to tell tension from fast tempo, and suggestions that I disengage myself from the Toscanini myth and revise my estimate to make it conform with that of the other record reviewers and of Mr. Bradley. If *The New Republic* wanted only the estimates of other record reviewers and of its readers it wouldn't pay me to write my column; if it pays me to write my column it wants my estimates, not those of the other reviewers or of its readers. And my understanding of the critic's operation is that he is assumed to have powers of perception and judgment that enable him to make his readers aware of things and values in the work of art which they might not notice by themselves; after which they either find that these things and values are indeed present in the work of art, or find that they are not present; and each critic writes for the group of people who have found his perceptions and evaluations sufficiently confirmed by their own experience. Mr. Bradley does not find my perceptions and evaluations confirmed by his own experience; but other readers do; and I write for those who do.

B. H. HAGGIN

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